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THE DAILY CAPITAL JOURNAL

Is the only newspaper in Salem whose circulation is guaranteed by the  
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### ANOTHER PIONEER CROSSES THE DIVIDE.

Colonel John H. Cradlebaugh, news of whose death yesterday afternoon brought sorrow to many friends, was long connected with the editorial staff of the Capital Journal, and there is mourning in this office today. His unflinching cheerfulness, his genial ways and the bigness of his heart endeared him to those with whom he worked and lived. A vigorous, intelligent editorial writer, a poet of no mean attainments, his wit and sense of humor made him a favorite with the readers of this paper, and his death leaves a void that will not soon be filled.

Colonel Cradlebaugh's career was varied and interesting, covering a period of 70 years, many of which were spent among the exciting scenes of Virginia City in the old bonanza days, where he was miner, newspaperman and attorney. Once only did he fill public office, that of district attorney in a Nevada county, but its duties of prosecutor were distasteful to him and he soon resigned. He was, during those days, a friend of Mark Twain and Bret Harte, and his little volume of poems, issued a few years ago, would be a fit library company for the works of these famous Westerners in any home.

His death removes from the stage of action another of that fast diminishing type of pioneer. Their adventurous spirits blazed the way for the civilization of today, and men like Colonel Cradlebaugh have lived to see the Pacific coast country which lured them with its prospects of excitement and adventure, pass from the wilderness stage to that of high development, wealth and population. Possibly these pioneers builded better than they knew, more likely they glimpsed with prophetic vision the glorious future of the western slope of the Rocky mountains, the "Land Where Dreams Come True", as Colonel Cradlebaugh has so beautifully expressed it in one of his poems—and he lived to see the dream a reality in his beautiful Oregon country before he "crossed the divide." He had shared the hardships of the pioneer with fortitude, and had braved the dangers of mining camp and trail with stout heart and sturdy courage. But the time came when his work was finished, when the iron constitution gave way to advancing years, and that civilization which follows so closely upon the track of the pioneer gave him rich reward, for loving hearts watched over him in the long illness so uncomplainingly borne, while the ministrations of tender hands sought to smooth away his pain and suffering as the end drew near, and he closed his eyes in peaceful content upon a world he had helped to make more cheerful and bright and happy for those around him.

## RIPPLING RHYMES

By Walt Mason

ME UND BILL.

I'm glad I said, "I won't be kaiser," when I was asked, upon a time; Bill took the job, but I was wiser, and went on writing deathless rhyme. Bill took up lodgings in a palace, that glittered like a sheet of steel; he drank beer from a golden chalice, and had a pie at every meal. His name was known from the Nyanzas up to the farthest wastes of snow; while I went on producing stanzas that brought me twenty cents a throw. He had a boom that was surprising, a sway no mortal king deserves, and meaner monarchs watched him kaising, and tried to imitate his curves. Great was his state, and great his splendor, but he would have them greater still, and he remarked, "I'll bust a fender, or be the whole world's ruler, Bill." While I, a bard of poor condition, sang madrigals for pork and beans; the limit of my pale ambition was pink cheeks from magazines. Tonight I'm sitting in my shanty, my conscience working as it should; for gents like Shakespeare, me and Dante, have done no harm if little good. And Bill is sitting in the shadow, an outlived, sick, sore-hearted chump; he thought to reach an El Dorado, and only reached the nearest dump. All worldly splendors I'm despising; I love this hut I call my own; I'm glad I didn't take up kaising, when Prussia offered me the throne.

### WORK, OR WORK.

The number of criminals in the British penal institutions has fallen off fifty per cent since the war began.

Sir Evelyn Brise, chairman of the British prison commissions, gives two reasons for this: The war and a "concentrated policy of purifying young criminals."

The war has taught a further lesson to other countries besides Great Britain, which is that men can be forced either to work or to fight.

The injustice early became apparent of sending to war and mobilizing in industry all our best youth, while our streets and saloons were teeming with a lot of idle, able-bodied men who did nothing but eat and make trouble. As a result, in city after city, the work-or-fight policy has been put into successful operation, to a point where the loafer, always a menace, has practically disappeared from his haunts.

There is no reason why the cessation of the war should mean a return to the old, careless, crime-breeding methods, for experience in handling this phase of war emergency has taught city governments that men can be forced not only to penal servitude but also to the plain, everyday taking of jobs and holding them. It is a mere matter of exercising authority.

Municipal employment agencies and clearing-houses and the welfare of the people demands the abolishment of the loafer and all his kind.

This has been done as a war measure. It should be continued as a peace measure.

Municipal employment agencies and clearing-house for labor should be maintained to this end, and a frequent census of labor taken.

"Work, or work—and the stone-pile take the hindmost!" should be the slogan from now on.

We hope those Berlin voters won't be so careless as to kill any heavy taxpayers, after the manner of the Russian bolsheviki. German capitalists will come in handy when it comes to paying war indemnities.

## THE WIFE

By Jane Phelps.

BRIAN A TRUE PROPHET.

CHAPTER XXIII.  
The United States had declared war. What had led up to this declaration, is now an old story; too old to repeat here. Brian Hackett's excitement was intense. The night papers proclaimed in black headlines that Uncle Sam had decided to join the allies, he never slept a wink, neither did he allow Ruth to do so. He talked all night long. "We will surely win, but it's going to be a still fight, Ruth. Lots of men who go over never will come back. But we'll whip 'em, sure as I'm a Yankee. Gee! but I'm glad we're in it at last. I must get down early. I don't want my name at the foot of the list of men volunteering. I should be ashamed to look in the glass if I wasn't somewhere near the top of the line."

"What am I to do, Brian?" Ruth had listened to his ravings very quietly. He had talked for such a long time, and not one word of her, his sorrow at leaving her, her loneliness when he should be gone; or the anxiety she would suffer.

"Go right along doing just what you are doing now, Brian. That is what makes it possible for me to go—your being able to take care of yourself."

"Brian did not intend to be cruel, but nevertheless he was, Ruth shivered, and not tears welled up in her eyes. That was all the thought he had for her; she was capable of earning her living; let her do it, was his attitude."

"I shall worry so, Brian."

"Nonsense! Think of the poor women who can't earn money like you can, whose husbands will have to go. You won't hear them whining, I'll bet."

"I'm not whining—I am frightened."

"Frightened—at what?"

"For fear you won't come back."

"What's the odds if I don't? Some of us are bound to get out; it's better to be one than a man with a family of kids."

Ruth opened her lips to say something, closed them tightly again. Then said:

"Oh, Brian, don't talk like that."

"It's the truth." Then: "I wonder what branch of service I am best adapted for—rather, where they need me the most. I wish I knew, I can hardly wait until morning. I tell you, Ruth, the little old U. S. A. will astonish those fellows over there. Not only the Germans who are going to wipe off the map, but the Allies. Really none of the foreign nations have the slightest idea of what a big boy Uncle Sam is, and what a row he can kick up when he makes up his mind to scrap. They think we are a nation of money-braggers. They will get a few eye-openers. They will find we are a nation of fighters."

"I know, Brian, but you must stop thinking and talking and go to sleep. You will be worn out with all this excitement."

Ruth, as was usual in such matters, thought only of him. That he was also keeping her awake, that she would be tired and feel unlike her work the next day, meant nothing as compared to his well-being.

"I can't sleep. Holy smoke! How any American can sleep tonight, I don't see. To think that at last we are at it, to our part! I have envied those Canadians and those Englishmen more than I have envied anyone in all my life. It made me almost sick to hear them talk. Wait until I hunt some of them up in the morning! I'll tell them

a thing or two about Uncle Sam now—I couldn't before. They thought we were afraid—not of our skins, but of our pocket-books. Those same pocket-books will help win the war and don't you forget it! It takes money, slathers of it, to raise an army; and think of the ships we will have to have, and the food. Why, Ruth, we are so far away it will tax the wealth of the richest nation in the world to get our boys overseas. But we'll do it! And we'll do it so quickly that we'll astonish the natives."

"Oh, Brian," Ruth laughed a bit hysterically, "Do quiet down. You'll be sick," she didn't add, "so will I," but she felt like it.

"Not on your life! no one gets sick because they are happy."

"Are you so happy?" her voice trembled, although she tried to hold it steady.

"You bet I am! I shall be of some use at last. It will be a very comforting feeling that I am earning my own living, and living on what I earn; even though I live in the trenches on thirty dollars a month."

Ruth made no reply. But she bit her lips until they bled. Should she tell him? Not that last bitter speech decided her. She would keep her secret.

(Tomorrow—Under Orders)

### Influenza Ban Again Closes Monmouth Meetings

(Capital Journal Special Service)  
Monmouth, Dec. 18.—Monmouth is again under the influenza ban. The grand meeting which was to have been held Saturday and the student body dance scheduled for Saturday evening at the Normal gymnasium were both called off. Church services were held in the morning but there was no service in the evening. The Normal and training schools were dismissed Monday noon and the high school will probably be closed also. Five cases of influenza are reported at the dormitory among the student teachers who have been teaching in Independence. Dr. Bowersox states that these cases are all very mild and that there have been no new cases among the townspeople for the past two weeks, the several cases of grippe are reported.

Mrs. Sarah A. Evans of Portland, a well known club woman of Oregon, was a recent visitor at the Normal, occupying the chapel period with a most interesting and helpful talk on the nationalizing of the foreign element. The thoughts she gave were inspired by Robert H. Shaffer's poem, "The Melting Pot." The United States, she said, was the "melting pot" that has ceased to "melt," and she quoted statistics to prove the truth of the statement.

Ray Baker, an alumnus of the Normal, was a pleasant visitor on the campus, and an interesting speaker at the high and training schools Wednesday of last week. Mr. Baker has recently received his discharge from the officers training camps for aviators at Berkeley. He was welcomed with enthusiasm by faculty and student body and his narrations of thrilling experiences in the life of an aviator held his listeners spell bound. It was not an unusual thing for a day's casualty list to number a dozen and the average daily death rate from practice flights and maneuvers was about three. Most accidents, he said, occurred while the landing was being made. He received a part of his training at Kelly field, San Antonio. After a year of military life Mr. Baker proposes taking up teaching again and will probably take a school in the near future.

Word was received by Mr. and Mrs.

### SIDELIGHTS ON PEACE PARTY

By Robert J. Bender  
(United Press Staff Correspondent.)

Paris, Dec. 18.—The statesman of Europe are laughing at President Wilson's jokes. He was noted in Washington as a story teller and his reputation in that regard is already made here. Premier Clemenceau especially enjoyed some of the president's illustrative quips.

Though they deeply appreciate the honors shown the president, the American party is glad the ceremonies are ended so they can get down to work.

More silk hats have been on exhibition in Paris during the past few days than at any time since 1914.

The Place Concorde is a little American. Dozens of American automobiles are always parked in front of the Crillon hotel. American statesmen and soldiers are always about. There is always the greatest variety of visitors to American headquarters in the Crillon.

Among those today was Jan Paderewski, who came to discuss the Polish situation.

Prince Murat's palace is now generally referred to as the "white house."

President Wilson has a new calling card. It reads "The president of the U. S. A. The one he uses in Washington reads "The President."

Crowds continue to gather at every appearance of President and Mrs. Wilson. The latter always remains in the background until led forward by the president. At the height of the demonstrations she frequently turns from watching the crowds to observe her husband with unceasing, wifely admiration.

Alonzo Moore, late Sunday evening that their son, Floyd, of Dallas, who has been very ill of pneumonia, is now improving rapidly. He was able to be brought down stairs for a part of the day and sat up long enough to shave himself.

Sam Morrison who had the misfortune to have his Ford taken by thieves last week, has information as to the whereabouts of the remains. Sheriff Orr was set on the trail and has finally located the car in the vicinity of Roseburg. The thieves have not been caught as yet but it is pretty well known who they are and the authorities are still on the trail. As Mr. Morrison has not yet returned with the car, the amount of damage is not known to anyone here.

### OREGON INSURANCE COMPANIES HAVE BIG 4 BILLION RESERVE

Insurance Commission Says No Danger Of Them Becoming Insolvent.

The 45 life insurance companies doing business in Oregon hold a reserve of \$4,507,431,058, which is ample to meet all claims which may arise on account of deaths due to the war and the influenza epidemic, points out Insurance Commissioner Wells in a statement issued to allay the fears of policy holders who thought that the companies might become insolvent. The statement says:

"The mortality due to war service has been so little above the normal that a number of the life insurance companies have already announced that they will pay all such claims in full, regardless of whether permits for such service had been secured or not, and will return all extra premiums received for war service permits."

"Such companies are much more concerned over the great loss of life throughout this entire country from the influenza epidemic. In some of the larger cities the mortality from this plague reached the proportion of 7.3 per 1,000 of the population, covering a period of nine weeks only."

Express Concern.  
"Many policyholders are expressing concern as to the security of the companies in which their life insurance is placed. They inquire if the reserve held by such companies are adequate to care for such emergencies? I am pleased to be able to advise them that life insurance as transacted by the legal reserve companies operating in this state makes ample provision for such emergencies. Their rates are based upon mortality tables derived from the experience of life insurance companies covering a period of many years. Epidemics were formerly more frequent than now and no less virulent so the experience from which our present tables of life insurance rates were formulated must have included similar experiences."

"Life insurance companies, for further safety of their policy holders, maintain a surplus of undistributed funds to provide for any emergency. The forty-five life insurance companies transacting business in this state held reserves for maturing their outstanding policies amounting to \$4,507,431,058 at the close of last year."

"To protect this reserve from impairment by epidemics or otherwise,

## LIFE

By COL. JOHN H. CRADLEBAUGH

Life is an ocean deep and wide  
And men the ships that plow its tide;  
One of its shores is called the Whence.

The other boundary is the Thence.  
Desire and Passion, Love and Hate,  
Greed, Friendship, Treachery alternate  
To make its weather foul or fair,  
A treacherous sea; to some a snare  
That lures but to destroy, yet still  
The creature of the Master's will.

For some fair breezes blow alone  
And every sail draws taut and fair,  
With tropic islands here and there,  
Luxuriant, verdant, odor-blown,  
With coral reefs, their white sands  
Sighed.

By languorous waves of amethyst,  
The air seems quivering with delight  
And pleasure grows an exquisite  
It turns to pain. Such voyages  
Are for the few. Not such as these  
May come to all. The fogs of Chance  
The dangerous shoals of Ignorance  
Wreck some, aye, most, while others  
In Passion's storms that sweep the  
deck

And send the tumbling masts and spars  
To mingle with the billow's wars.

My life has been of both, Alas!  
How swift the hours of Pleasure pass;  
How fly the years on silent wing  
When Momus laughs and Sirens sing,  
And Bacchus pours the golden wine,  
Filling Life's goblet to the brim,  
And Beauty, in itself divine  
And pure as Love's own cherubim  
Youth's heart to ecstasy awakes  
Until the soul of Music sings  
So joyous to Love's vibrant strings  
That from pure joyousness, it breaks.

How drag the lingering minutes when  
Around our bark the tempest drives  
And Furies shrieking for our lives  
Drive the wind-spirits from their den,  
The fierce wind-spirits of the north,  
And not a single star shines forth;  
When darkness is as of the tomb  
And every ray of hope is gone,  
And dark, impenetrable gloom  
Apparently defies the dawn.  
Hours drag into eternities,  
When souls encounter storms like these.

How sweet, how infinitely sweet  
When the wild hurricane is past,  
To hear the soft waves rhythmic beat  
Upon a friendly shore at last.  
To find the haven of old age,  
To have at last a sweet content  
When storms come not, nor billows rage  
And days in quietness are spent,  
And the wild passions of our youth,  
The hopes, the fears, the loves, the  
pains,  
The disappointments and the tears  
Have vanished, and but peace remains.



they had surplus funds of \$211,133,369, over and above all liabilities.

"These companies carry insurance for Oregon citizens amounting to \$147,215,529, and our successful domestic company adds \$12,640,922 to this amount. In addition to this the Fraternal Benefit societies had insurance for our citizens amounting to \$94,991,055, with reserve funds of \$62,255,876 in hand to care for their contracts. It is not believed these societies will suffer so heavily from the epidemic as insurance companies."

### State House Notes

With the receipt of 11 new patients at the Oregon state hospital yesterday, all previous records for incoming patients were broken. Seven of the new patients came from Portland, and one each from Salem, Roseburg, Jacksonville and Coquille. The total population of the institution is now 1704.

"Oregon highway bonds will be accepted as department deposits at market value," said Insurance Commissioner Harvey Wells, in a telegram sent today to New York in response to an inquiry. In other words insurance companies operating in this state, which are required to deposit certain amount of securities with the insurance department, may buy Oregon highway bonds and deposit them.

Teachers' examinations, which were scheduled to be held beginning today, have been postponed in nine counties on account of the influenza, according to announcement made today by J. A. Churchill, superintendent of public instruction. The counties are Polk, Yamhill, Douglas, Coos, Jackson, Jefferson, Harney, Grant and Wallowa. In these counties the examinations will be held next February, and all certificates which expire this month in those coun-

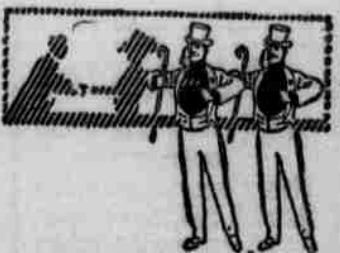
ties will be continued until after the February examinations.

### LEGATION ROBBED

Washington, Dec. 18.—The American legation at Bucharest, Rumania, has been robbed, apparently by Germans, with a loss of more than \$100,000 in goods, according to a state department advice this afternoon. Minister Vopicka found the place badly ransacked when he returned there from Jassy last Friday.

### TRIAL RESTS TODAY

Chicago, Dec. 18.—The government expected to rest today in the trial of socialist leaders on charges of espionage here.



Don't live on the reputation  
of the reputation you  
might have made.

**IMPERIALES**  
MOUTHPIECE  
CIGARETTES

first made their reputation.  
Now they're keeping it.  
Choice tobacco well blended.  
A mouthpiece to keep it out  
of the mouth. A mias paper  
wrapping. The whole—a  
cigarette unequalled.